

THE DOLL MAN

Summer
Issue

Quarterly 10¢



SM
4-5

**5 FULL
LENGTH
ACTION
STORIES**

ALSO *The* **DRAGON
MICKEY FINN-POISON IVY**
**AMERICA!... IT'S
WORTH DEFENDING!**

by *Tog
Murray*





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SPIN SHAW ZERO
RUSTY RYAN SWING SISSON
and many others**



**LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER**



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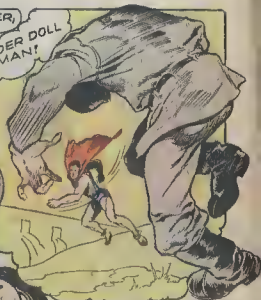


SCHVINE! DUMBKOPFS!
 I GIFF YOU SIMPLE
 FIFTH COLUMN WORK
 UNO YDU FAIL DER
 FATHERLAND? VOT HAP-
 PENE?



ACH, MY GAULEITER,
 I VAS CHUST
 ABOUTD TO
 BLOW OP OER
 DAM, VEN
 SUODENLY.

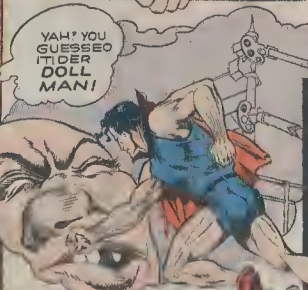
DER DOLL
 MAN!



VE HAO OER TRACKS
 TORN OP, DER TRAIN
 VAS COMING. BUT
 ACH, OER LIDDLE
 VUN CAME FASTER!

YAH? YOU
 GUESSEO
 IT DER
 DOLL
 MAN!

DERE VAS
 DIS AMERIKA-
 NER COLONEL.
 I PULLEO
 MY GUN,
 UND POOF!

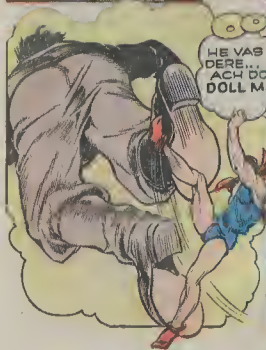


HE VAS
 DERE...
 ACH DOT
 DOLL MAN!

I SHOULD TEAR
 YOU OPP MIT
 MY HANDS!
 YOU FOOLISHERS!
 LEODING A LIDOLE
 T'ING LIKE DER
 DOLL MAN STOP
 A SUPERIOR
 RACE!

OXCUSE
 ME, MEIN
 LEADER,
 BUT HE
 ISS OUT-
 SIDE.. DER
 DWARF!

DER DWARF?
 GOOT!
 SHOW
 HIM IN!



AH HA! NOW I SHOW YOU DUMBKOPFS A REAL VORKER FOR DER FEUHRER..HE DOES NOT FAIL!

VELCOME, MY TRUE SON OF DER FATHERLAND..MY MEMBER OF DER SUPERIOR ARYAN RACE!

SEIG HEIL! MY CHOB ISS DONE!

HEIL!

HEIL!

HEIL, HITLER!

YAH! YOU COULD DO IT MIT YOUR ASSISTANTS, NEIN?

NOW I HAF A REAL CHOB FOR YOU..DER AMERIKANER PLANE PRODUCTION, IT GROWS EFFRY DAY!

YOU VISH I SHOULD BLOW OPP DER BIG PLANE FACTORY!

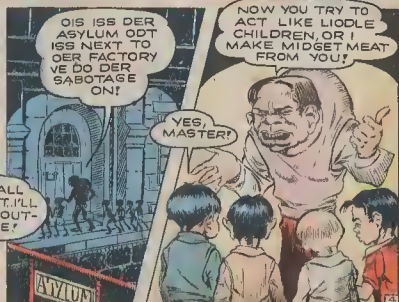
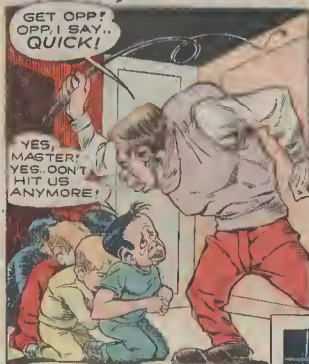
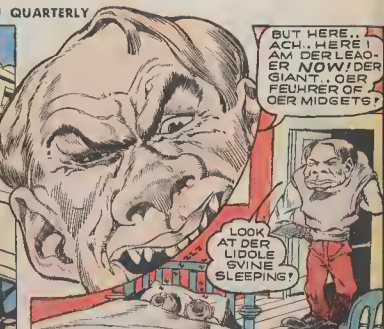
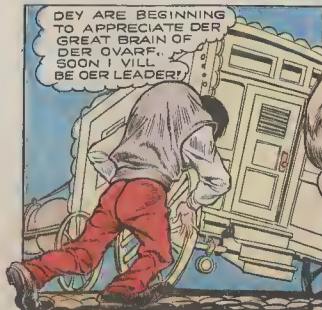
VE VILL NOT FAIL OUR GREAT FEUHRER!

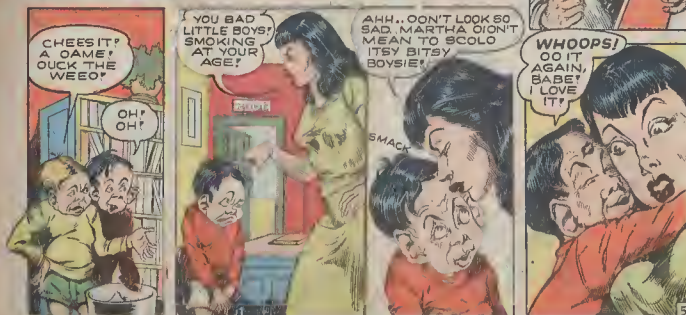
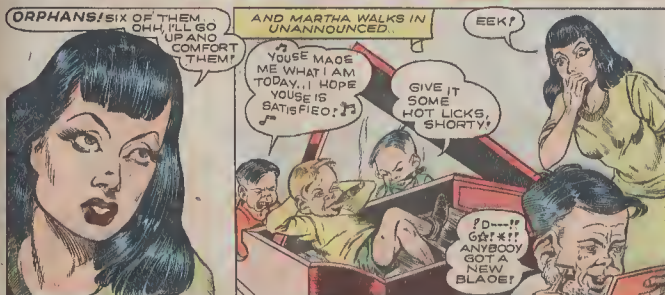
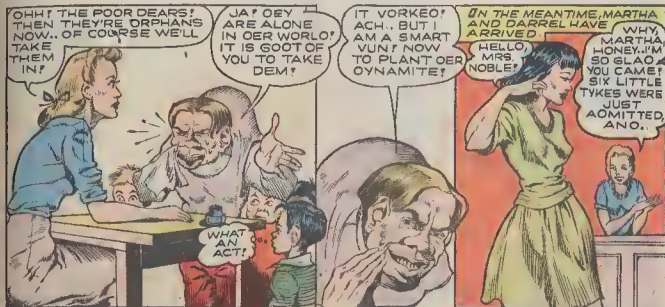
I KNOW YOU ARE A SMART VUN.. BUT BE CAREFUL OF VUN T'ING..DOT ISS DER....

DOLL MAN!

DOT LIDDLE VUN DONT BOTHER ME.. I EAT HIM OPP VEN I SEE HIM.. I GO NOW.. HEIL, HITLER!

HEIL!





GET HER,
BOYS,
BEFORE
SHE SPILLS
THE
WORKS!

TAKE HER
OVER TO DE
WAGON!
WE'LL GET R10
O' HER AFTER
THE JOB!

YOU STAY HERE!
IT IS ALMOST
12 O'CLOCK! YOU
VILL USE DER
PLUNGER!

LEAVE
IT TO ME,
BOSS!



WHAT
HAPPENED?
OH YEAH,
THE OWAR!
DYNAMITE
THE FACTORY!!
I'VE GOT
TO...

SNAP

WHEE!

(GULP) ACH! DER
DOLL MAN!

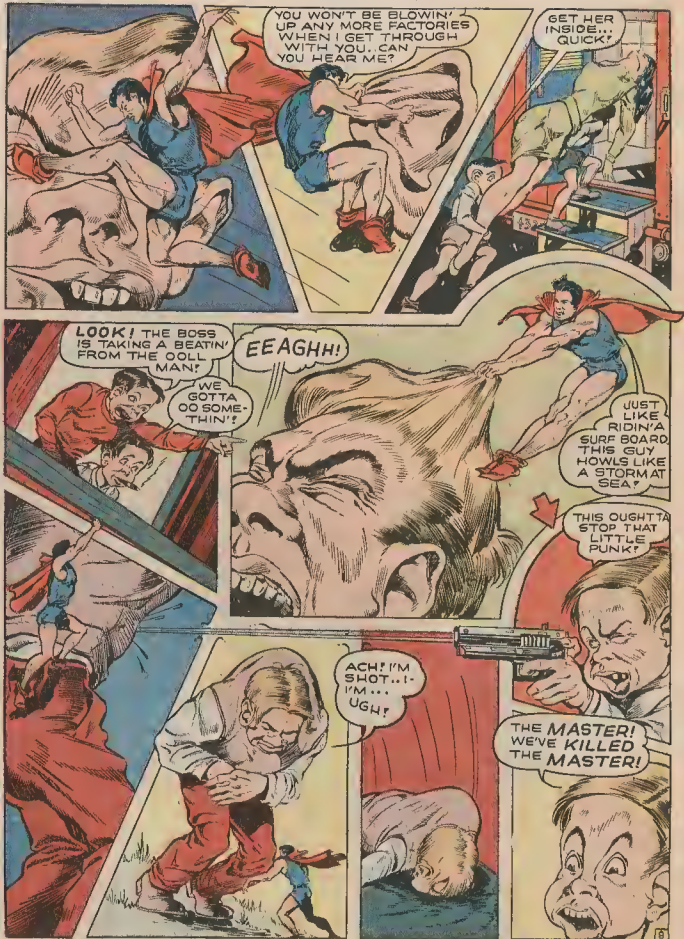
DER AIRPLANE
FACTORY. IT IS
STILL DERE.
VOT HAPPENED?

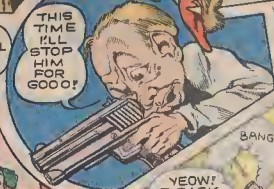
WHO?
VERE?

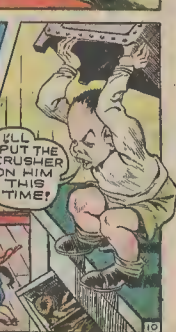
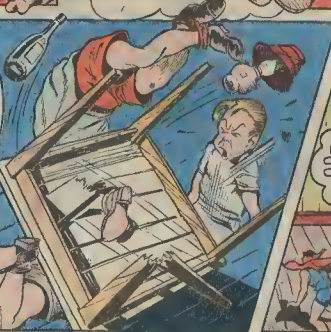
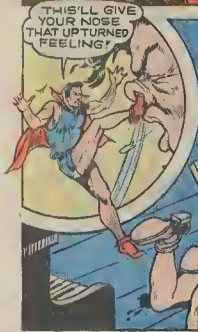
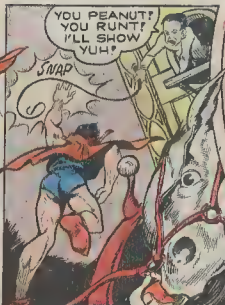
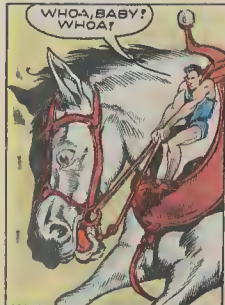
I DON'T
SEE!

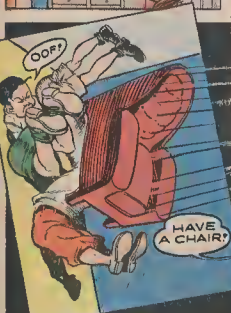
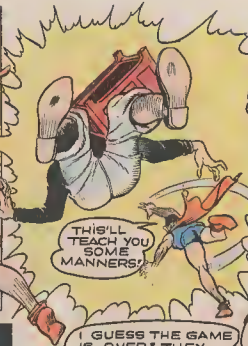
HERE
I AM!

HERE!



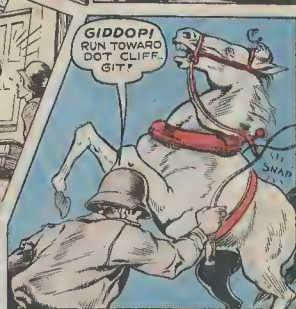


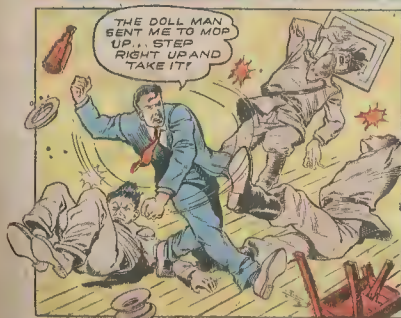
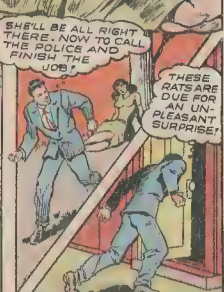
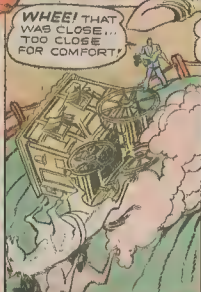
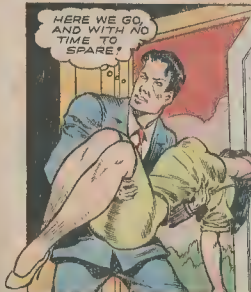
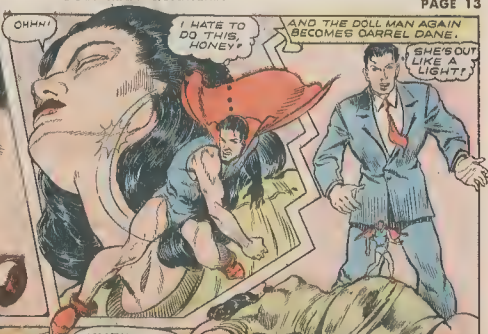


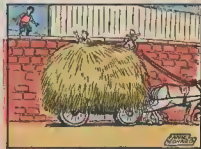
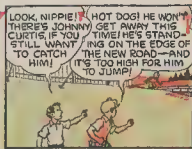


WITH NO ONE TO GUIDE THEM...THE PANIC STRICKEN HORSES DASH TO THEIR STABLE.

WE'VE STOPPED! WHERE ARE WE?

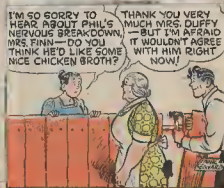
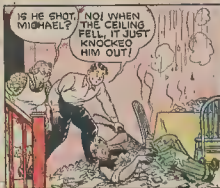
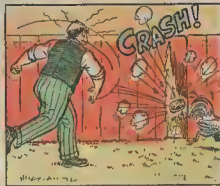
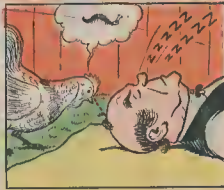
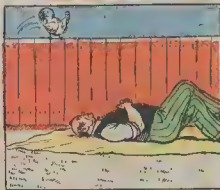
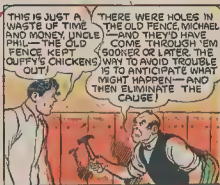






MICKEY FINN

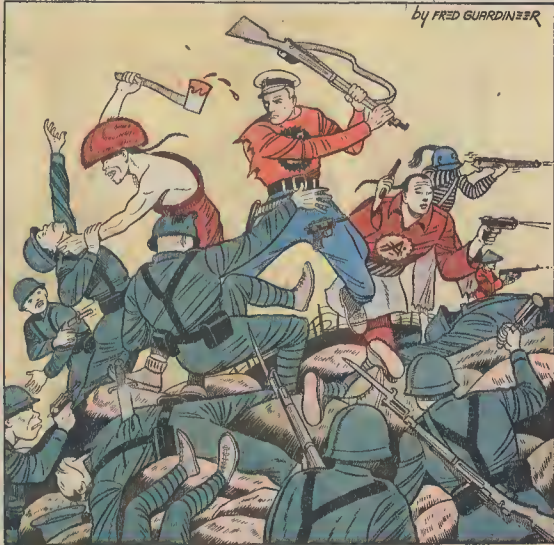
By LANK LEONARD



THE DRAGON

RED MCGRAW AND HIS BAND OF CHINESE GUERRILLAS RAID AND FIGHT THE OUTPOSTS OF JAPANESE INVASION IN ASIA. BECAUSE OF HIS VALOR RED IS CALLED **THE DRAGON** BY HIS ORIENTAL ALLIES.

by FRED GUARDINEER



IN A CHINESE CITY CONQUERED BY THE JAPS.

ROUND UP THOSE CHINK CHRISTIANS AND SELL 'EM AS SLAVES FOR OUR GENERALS INCLUDING PRINCESS LOTUS MOON!



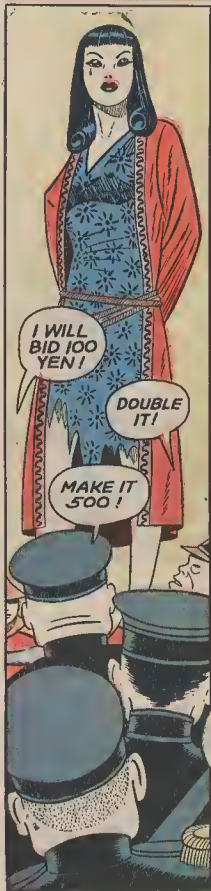
TO THE MARKET SQUARE, YOU CHRISTIAN SLAVES! HA, HA, HE, HO!



AND NOW I HAVE FOR YOU WHOLESALE, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS LOTUS MOON! HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED?



PROUDLY ERECT LOTUS MOON
AWAITS HER FATE.



I WILL
BID 100
YEN!

DOUBLE
IT!

MAKE IT
500!

HERE'S A THOUSAND
YEN. I WILL TAKE
HER!

SHE IS
YOURS
GENERAL
YAMADA!

I MUST
INFORM
THE
DRAGON OF
THIS
OUTRAGE!

COME, LOTUS MOON,
I HAVE WORK FOR
YOU, BWAHAHA!



IT IS DARK-
NOW IS MY CHANCE
TO CONTACT THE
DRAGON!

LATER AT THE DRAGON'S
CAMP!

THEY
ARE SELLING THE
CHRISTIAN CHINESE
AS SLAVES!

WHAT
ABOUT
THE
PRINCESS?

LOTUS MOON
HAS BEEN
SOLD TO
GENERAL
YAMADA!

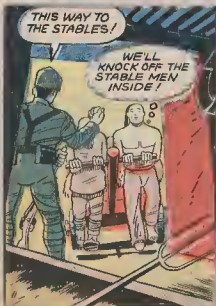
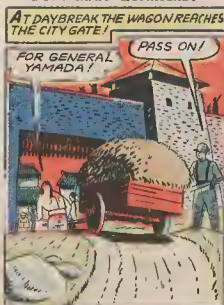
WHAT!
TO THAT
EVIL
BARBAR-
IAN!

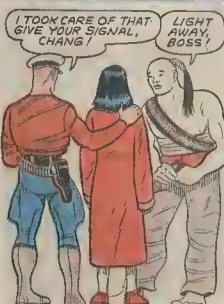
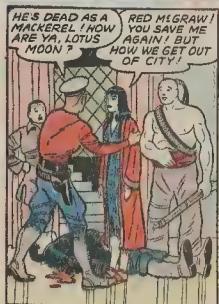


LOTUS MOON AND I WERE IN
THE FIFTH GRADE TOGETHER
IN BROOKLYN WHEN SHE
STUDIED IN AMERICA!

I RESCUED HER ONCE OUT OF
THE GOWANUS CANAL AND
I'LL SAVE HER AGAIN!
GET YOUR GUNS!





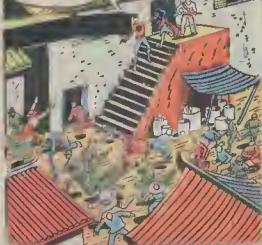


A FIERCE BATTLE DEVELOPS AS THE GUERRILLAS ATTACK.



RUN TO THE STREET, LOTUS. WE CAN GET AWAY IN THE CONFUSION!

I SAVVY - THAT BATTLE IS JUST SO WE CAN ESCAPE!



OUT THE REAR GATE, HURRY-

WATCH IT! THEY SEE US!

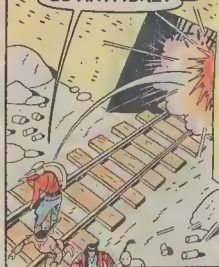


CHINESE SPIES - KILL 'EM!

I'LL TURN QUICK'N TOSS THEM A GRENADE!



THEY WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE!



WE'RE SAFE NOW! THOSE ARE MY BOYS!

AH! DRAGON! WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!



I OWE YOU MY LIFE, RED, AND I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL!

AW, THANKS! LOTUS. I ONLY WISH I COULD RESCUE ALL THE OTHERS BUT IN A LITTLE WHILE THE UNITED STATES ARMY WILL DO THAT!



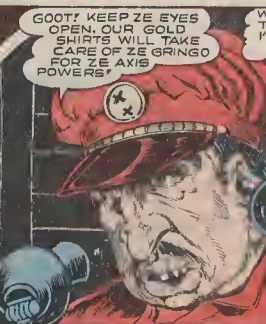
The DOLL MAN

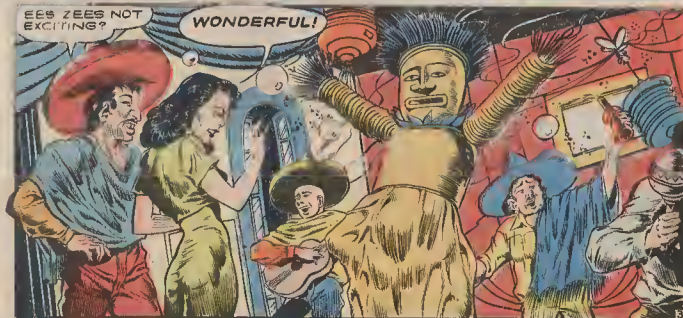
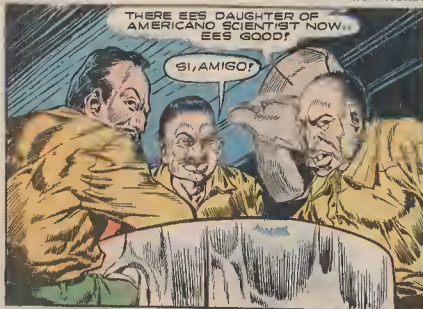
BY WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



THE BEAUTIFUL, PLACID SCENERY OF MEXICO BECOMES A BACKGROUND FOR FASCIST INTRIGUE AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS, UNTIL THAT DIMINUTIVE PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE, THE DOLL MAN, STEPS INTO THE PICTURE.

EN ROUTE TO AN AMERICAN ALLIED SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION, DR. ROBERTS AND MARTHA FLY OVER THE RIO GRANDE.





Meanwhile, DARREL ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL..



HELLO, DR ROBERTS! GLAD YOU COULD GET DOWN SON! MARTHA'S JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE...

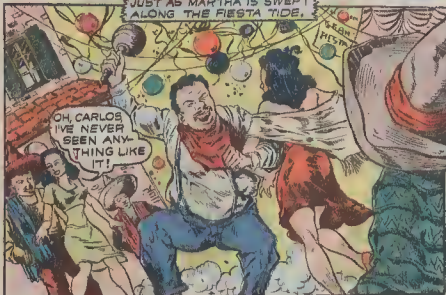
SENORITA GO WEETH NO GOOD FASCISTS. I SEE!



FASCISTS, EH? THAT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE.. GUESS I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



JUST AS MARTHA IS SWEEPED ALONG THE FIESTA TIDE.



OH, CARLOS I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

HA! SHE EES NOT LOOKING.. I WEE! BUY ZIS ORINK, ANO..



FOR ZE LOVELY SENORITA A FIESTA DRINK!

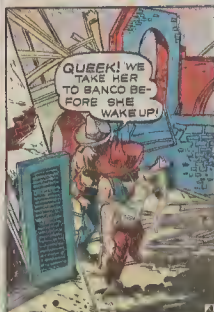
THANK YOU!



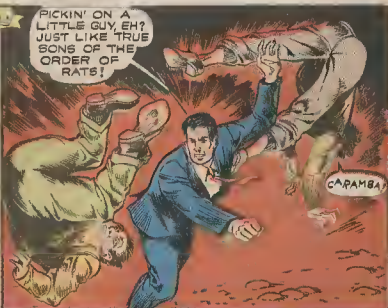
I FEEL STRANGE.. THAT DRINK... OHHHH...



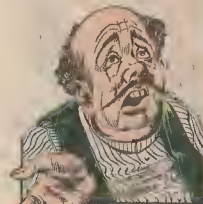
QUEEK! WE TAKE HER TO BANCO BEFORE SHE WAKE UP!



AS DARREL SEARCHES FOR HIS FIANCEE...



SENOR, YOU ARE MOS' KINO. . . THEESE DIRTY GOLO SHIRTS TRY TO FORCE ME PAY MONEY. I WEEEL NOT OO. . . SO. . .



WHERE DO THESE GUYS HANG OUT, MISTER?



YOU HAVE NOZZING TO FEAR, SENORITA, BEF YOUR FATHER WEEEL BRING HIS INVENTION FOR ZE ALLIES HERE!

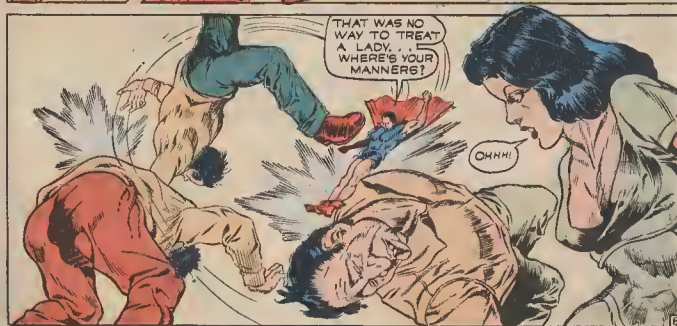
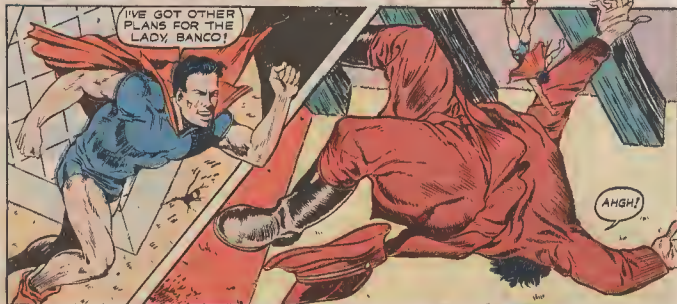
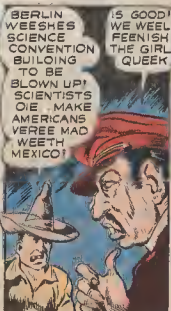
NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT!

AT THE GOLO SHIRT CENTER. . .

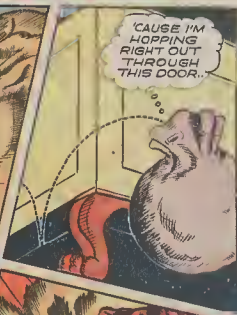
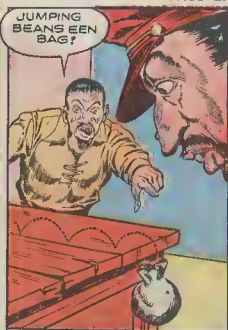
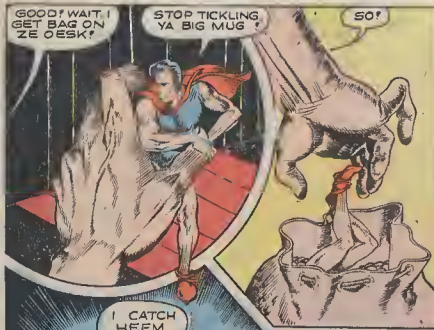


PERHAPS YOU WEEEL BE. . . ER. . . MORE REASONABLE AFTER SOME LEEETLE PAIN, NO?



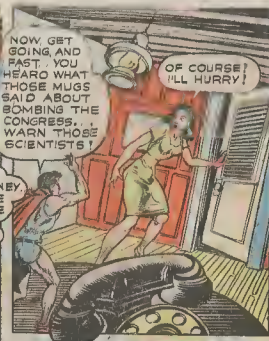








BREATHE EASY, HONEY. I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE..



NOW, GET GOING, AND FAST. YOU HEARD WHAT THOSE MUGS SAID ABOUT BOMBING THE CONGRESS.. WARN THOSE SCIENTISTS!

OF COURSE! I'LL HURRY!



I HOPE I CAN REACH THE CONVENTION HALL IN TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE DOLL MAN AGAIN BECOMES DARREL DANE, AND..



HELLO.. POLICE DEPARTMENT? I'VE GOT A FEW SURPRISE PACKAGES WAITING FOR YOU AT GOLD SHIRT HEAD-QUARTERS.



O.K., YOU RATS, ON YOUR FEET!

OH..

AIEE..

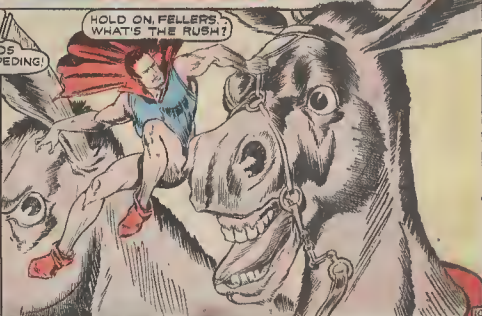
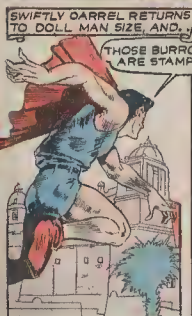
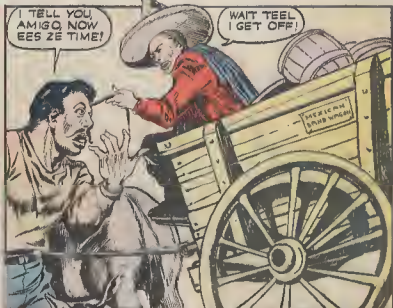


HA! AMERICAN FOOL! WHILE YOU KEEP US HERE BURROS WHEEL STAMPEDE DYNAMITE WAGON INTO CONGRESS BUILDING!

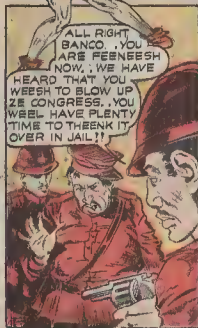
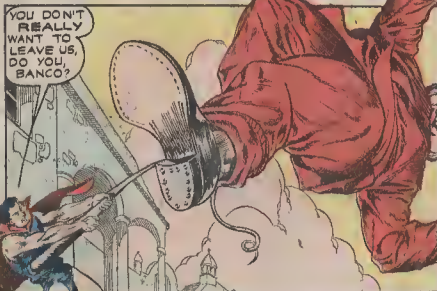
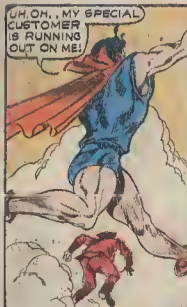


I HATE TO LET THOSE DOGS GO, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT EXPLOSION!

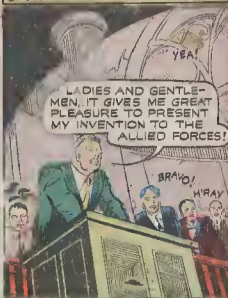
GOOD! NOW WE ARE FREE!







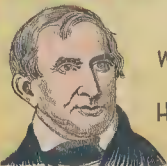
AT THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS, DR. ROBERTS TAKES THE STAND.



America - It's Worth Defending!

by Feg Murray

•KNOW YOUR PRESIDENTS•



WILLIAM
HENRY
HARRISON.

THE ONLY PRESIDENT WHOSE GRAND-SON ALSO BECAME PRESIDENT, HELD OFFICE FOR JUST ONE MONTH! (HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA, APRIL 4, 1841.)



DURING THE LAST CENTURY, ALL U.S. PRESIDENTS ELECTED EVERY 20 YEARS HAVE DIED IN OFFICE!

WM. HENRY HARRISON
(ELECTED 1840)
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
(ELECTED 1860)
JAMES GARFIELD
(ELECTED 1880)
WILLIAM MCKINLEY
(ELECTED 1900)
WARREN HARDING
(ELECTED 1920)

(THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, APRIL 14, 1865.)

"WILL FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, WHO WAS ELECTED IN 1940, BE ABLE TO BEAT THIS JINX?"



TANKS, PRE-HISTORIC AND MODERN!

FIRST HERO OF OUR WAR WITH THE AXIS -

COLIN P. KELLY JR., WHO PILOTED THE FLYING FORTRESS THAT SANK THE JAP BATTLESHIP HARUNA, THEN FLEW HIS DAMAGED SHIP BACK NEAR ITS BASE, ORDERED HIS CREW TO BAIL OUT, AND CRASHED TO HIS DEATH WITH HIS PLANE.



"BIGGEST ROCK IN THE WORLD - 'EL CAPITAN' IN YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIF., HAS, ON ITS SIDE, A NATURAL MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, MADE OF DARKER COLORED ROCK.

THE U.S. ARMY'S M3 TANK

A 28-TON "FORT ON WHEELS" THAT CAN GO 40 MILES PER HOUR.

IT HAS SPACE FOR 7 MEN AND ITS ARMAMENT INCLUDES FOUR 30-CALIBER MACHINE GUNS AND TWO CANNON — ONE A "75"!

(THE 45,000 TANKS THAT PRES. ROOSEVELT HAS ORDERED U.S. FACTORIES TO PRODUCE IN 1942

WOULD REACH, IF PLACED IN A SINGLE COLUMN ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST, FROM LOS ANGELES TO SEATTLE!)

"TRICERATOPS"

THIS DINOSAUR, WHO ROAMED OVER AMERICA 30 MILLION YEARS AGO, WAS NO MORE DEADLY THAN THE TANKS PRODUCED IN THE SAME COUNTRY TODAY.

(“TRICERATOPS” WAS DESTROYED FROM A PICTURE BY CHARLES R. KOWERT.)

THE

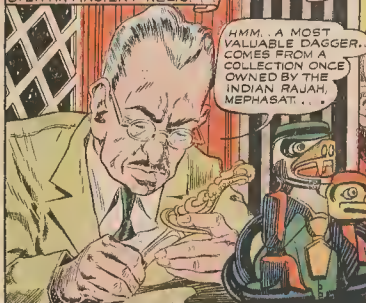
DOLL MAN

BY
William
Erwin
Maxwell



FROM THE ANCIENT REALM OF INDIA, TRAVELS A RUTHLESS TRIO... GUIDED BY AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR WEALTH, ALONG A TRAIL OF HUMAN BLOODY BUT THE STENCH OF HORROR BETRAYS THEM TO THE TINY DYNAMO, THE DOLL MAN.

IN HIS OFFICE, A MUSEUM CURATOR PONDER'S OVER AN ANCIENT RELIC.



SUDDENLY...

GOOD! HE IS ALONE... ALSO HAS DAGGER.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? OH, YOU'RE THAT NEW EXTERMINATOR I HIRED. GET ON WITH YOUR WORK, MAN... I'M BUSY!

NOW, NO MORE BUSY!



AS DR. ROBERTS, MARTHA AND DARREL EXAMINE SCIENTIFIC RECORDS IN A ROOM NEARBY AND...

GUN SHOTS? FROM THE CURATOR'S OFFICE?

HURRY DAD!



HE'S BEEN MURDERED!

CAN'T SEE WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KILL HIM!



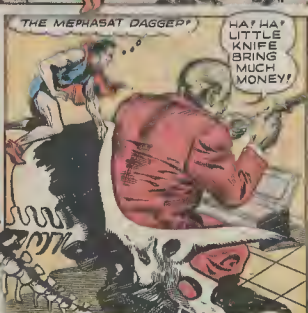
THERE'S YOUR MOTIVE DARREL, THE EMPTY CASE OF THE MEPHASAT DAGGER!

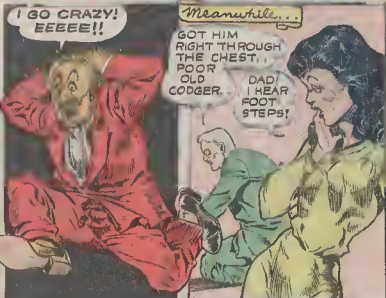
OH HOW HORRIBLE! I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

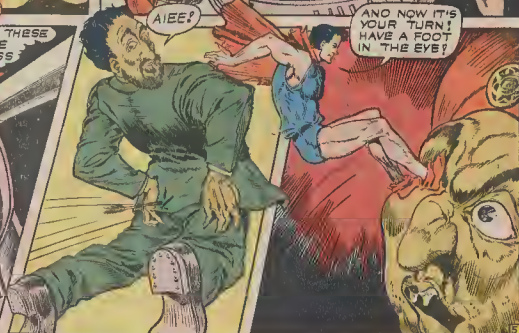
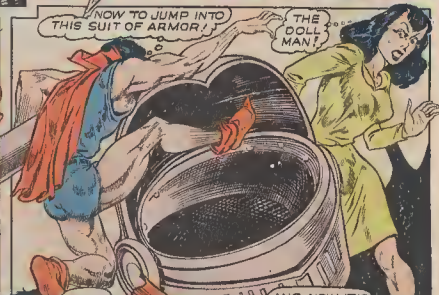
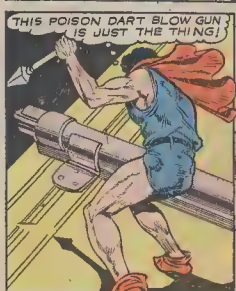
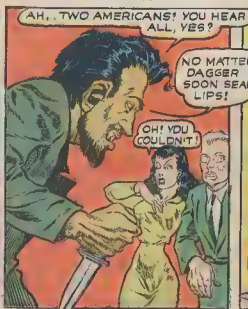


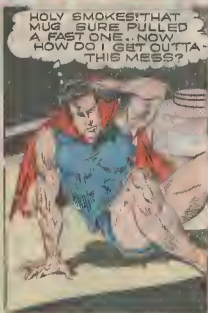
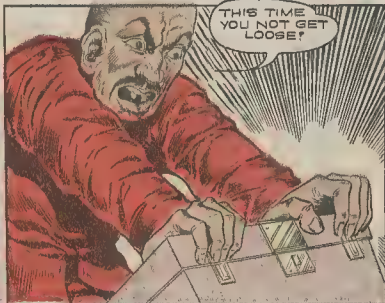
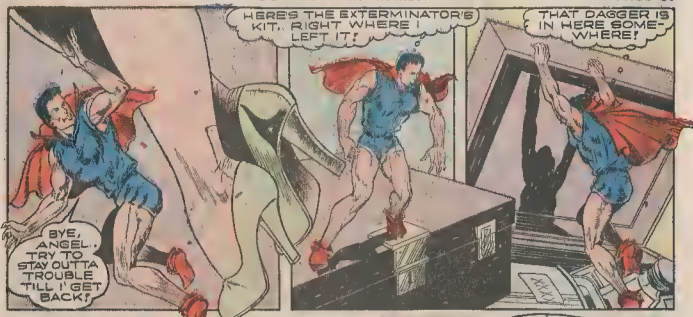
AH! THE ELEVATOR DOOR OUT IN THE HALL JUST CLICKED. ENTER, THE DOLL MAN!

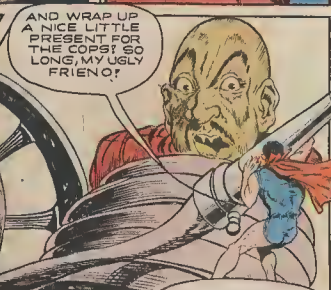
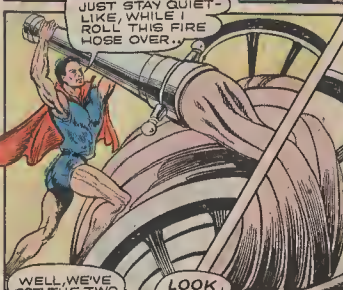
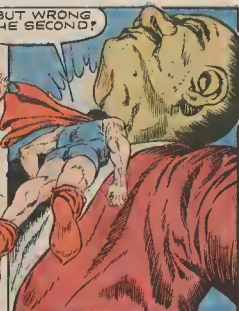
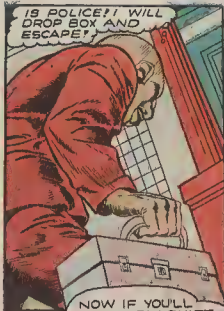




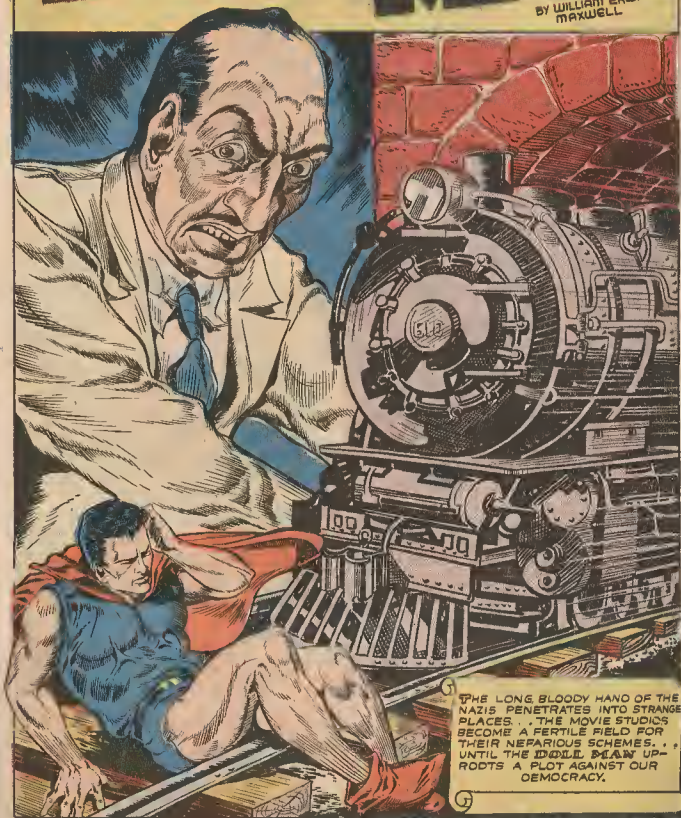








The DOLL MAN

BY WILLIAM ERWIN
MAXWELL

THE LONG BLOODY HAND OF THE NAZIS PENETRATES INTO STRANGE PLACES... THE MOVIE STUDIOS BECOME A FERTILE FIELD FOR THEIR NEPARIUS SCHEMES... UNTIL THE DOLL MAN UP-ROOTS A PLOT AGAINST OUR DEMOCRACY.

EN ROUTE TO A NAVAL BASE, MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD..

I HOPE OARREL CAN JOIN US REAL SOON..IT'S SO LOVELY HERE!

MISS HIM ALREADY?

HELLO, HELLO!
WHAT'S THAT?
AN IMPORTANT
OFFICIAL IN
THE LOBBY
TO SEE ME?
I'LL BE RIGHT
DOWN!

THAT MUST BE THE
HOLLYWOOD HILLS..
I WONDER WHERE
OAO RUSHEO
TO?

HE'S BEEN GONE
SEVERAL HOURS..
I'M GETTING
WORRIED!
THINK I'LL
LOOK FOR
HIM DOWN-
STAIRS!

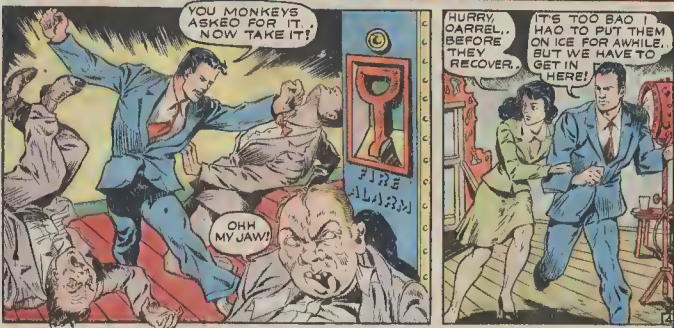
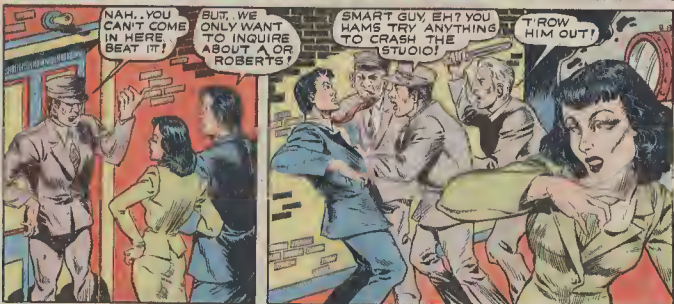
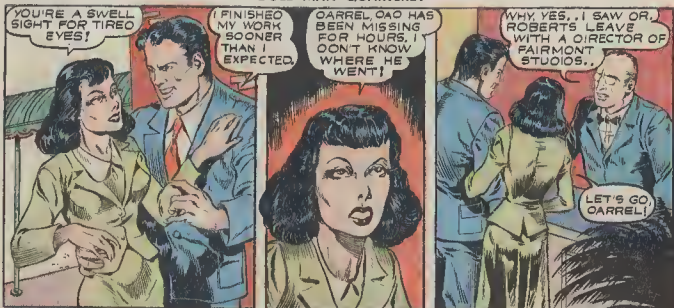
HMM..NO
SIGN OF
HIM?

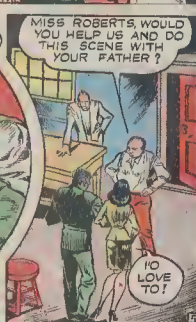
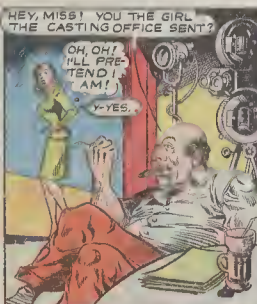
EXCUSE ME, YOU
HERR..I MEAN DR ROBERTS'
DAUGHTER? HE TELL ME
TO TAKE YOU TO A MEETING
HE ATTEND. YOU COME,
YES?

OOT IS HIS
DAUGHTER?
GO AHEAD...
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

WHY..?
YES..







Herald Rutter
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

WHEN THE CAMERAS START,
YOU WILL SHOOT AT YOUR
FATHER WITH THE BLANK
GUN?

But THE BLANK
GUN IS FILLED WITH
REAL BULLETS...

Meanwhile, DARREL HAS
STUMBLER INTO ANOTHER
SOUND STAGE. ☒

HMM... THEY ARE FILMING A MUSICAL!

I BETTER PULL A
VANISHING ACT!

WHERE
IS
HE?

HE DUCKED BEHIND THIS SCENERY

CUT! HEY,
YOU BIG DOPE.
YDU RUINED THE
SCENE.. THROW
HIM OUT!

THIS IS THE DOLL MAN'S CUE!

PEEK-A-BOO!
HERE I AM!

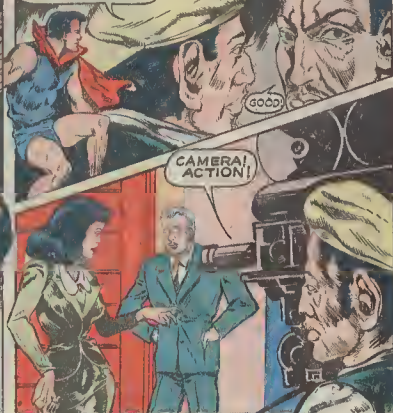
EEK! IT'S
A LITTLE
MAN!

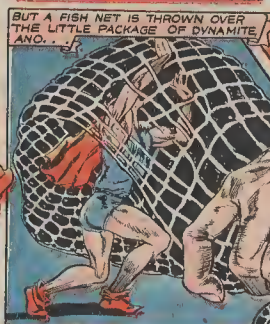
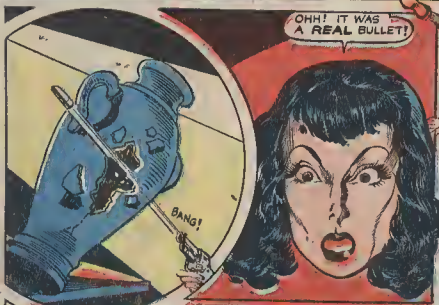


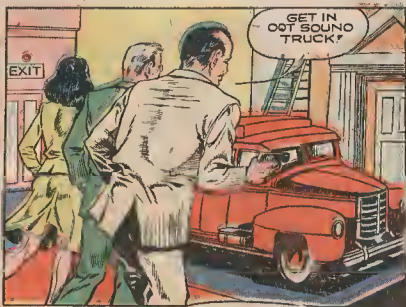
AND THE DOLL MAN FINDS HIMSELF ON THE SAME SET WITH MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS.



IT WILL BE OVER SOON. DOT STUPID GIRL DOES NOT KNOW HER GUN HAS REAL BULLETS!

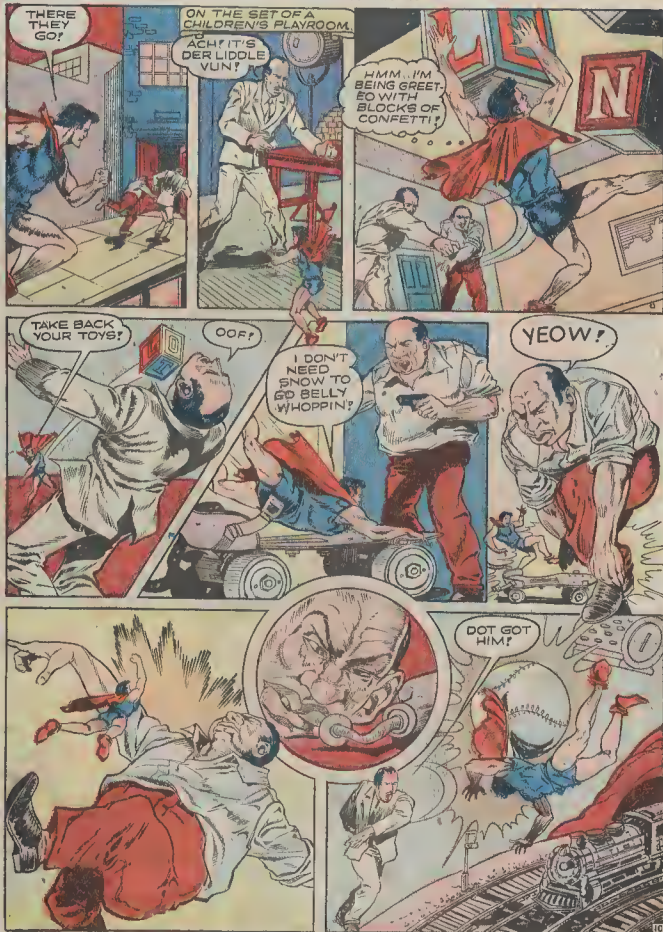






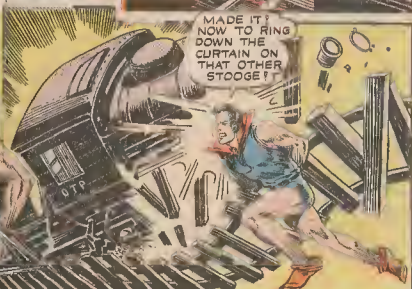
EXCUSE ME, FOLKS. I HAVE TO SEE A RAT OR TWO!

IT'S DER LIDDLE VUN! RUN! HE SEES US!





THE LITTLE DYNAMO IS QUICKLY TIED TO THE TOY TRAIN TRACKS, ANO...



MADE IT! NOW TO RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THAT OTHER STOOGES!



Later...

ANO THEN THE LITTLE FELLA PUSHED THE GUN ASIDE ANO...

I HEAR HE CAPTURED ALL THE SPIES TOO



THE IRON BOOT

Dr. Roberts quickly glanced over his test tubes—his eyes bright and shining. Taking one to the window he held it up to the light. The amber fluid glinted in the sunlight.

"At last," he muttered. "At last!"

A knock at the door broke in on his thoughts.

"Come in—Hello, Martha! Back so soon?"

"Yes, Dad." Martha answered. She quickly moved to the window, and furtively pushed the curtain aside.

"What in the world are you up to?"

"A man—he followed me all the way from Aunt Hattie's house."

"Who is he?"

"Never saw him before, but I don't like his looks. See—there he is—across the street. He's watching the house!"

Martha whirled and walked to the phone. She quickly dialed a number and impatiently tapped her foot. At last she heard Darrel Dane's booming voice at the other end of the wire.

"Darrel, get over here right away. Something—"

"Hello, hello!" he shouted, jiggling the hook.

And then Darrel heard only a muffled scream, and a short click. The buzz on the wire told him he had been cut off.

"Something's happened!" he

thought as he dashed out of the house.

Strange hands were handling Dr. Roberts' test tubes. Large, clumsy, cruel hands.

"Vell, Herr Doktor. You tell us secret of sleeping gas, und ve let you und your daughter go, yes?"

"You can't get away with this. I'll never give you the formula. NEVER."

"But ve understand your gas is a great achievement in the scientific sense—it cannot be smelled and has no ill effects. It can put whole armies to sleep almost instantly—and the Fatherland *must* haf it!"

"That gas will remain the exclusive property of the United States."

"Ach, you'll talk soon enough, Doktor. Hans, take dem out to der car. Ve haf ways of making people talk. I vill look around, for the formula."

The scientist and Martha were pushed toward the door. A door which suddenly burst into a thousand pieces as Darrel came crashing into the room. His huge fists began to flail out right and left. The sudden, ferocious attack took the Nazis by surprise. Before they could gather their wits together, two of them lay crumpled in a corner. Von Bock gingerly retreated behind a large laboratory table.

"He iss not human!" he muttered fearfully to himself.

Quickly drawing his gun, he took careful aim at the large whirling figure of Darrel Dane. His finger tightened on the trigger, and there was a loud report which echoed throughout the entire room. Darrel felt a hot searing pain on the side of his head, and then—blackness.

Grimacing triumphantly, Von Bock emerged from his place of refuge. Martha uttered a muffled scream and attempted to go to the crumpled figure, but was roughly pushed back. She sank into a chair and long sobs racked her body. Dr. Roberts just stared at the fallen figure. He seemed to be in a trance.

Then, with cold calculating fury, Von Bock systematically began to destroy the laboratory. In a few minutes, the place was a shambles. Martha and Dr. Roberts were pushed toward the door, and seconds later no one but the quiet figure of Darrel Dane remained in the laboratory.

For possibly ten minutes, nothing stirred in the laboratory. Then the eyelids of Darrel began to flutter. In another minute, he sat up and ruefully rubbing the side of his head, emitted a long groan. The bullet had only creased his forehead. His brain suddenly cleared and his thoughts came rushing back on him. He staggered to his feet and

glanced about the wrecked laboratory.

"They're gone!" he ejaculated.

For a second, Darrel stared at the ruins about him. Then it dawned on him that the Nazis had taken Martha and Dr. Roberts prisoners in order to obtain the secret of the new gas. How could he find the location of their hideout? The question began to beat at his brains. Then he saw a small object on the floor which caught his eye. It was a case for eyeglasses. Darrel picked it up and opened the case. Pasted inside was a small strip of paper with a name and address on it. Darrel bolted out of the door and headed for that part of the city indicated by the address.

Martha and her father sat helplessly in a chair. The tight ropes were beginning to chafe their wrists. Von Bock began to pace up and down before them. His cruel eyes would dart in their direction, and he would momentarily stop to stare. Then he would resume his pacing.

"Is this the war of nerves you Nazis are supposed to excel at?" Dr. Roberts asked. "It won't do you any good this time."

For a few seconds, Von Bock didn't make a reply, then he impatiently summoned one of his underlings.

"Bring in the little persuader we had."

In a few minutes the Nazi returned with an iron boot. Dr. Roberts paled as his shoe was

pulled off, and the hideous instrument of torture fastened to his foot. Then suddenly, the window shade began to perform peculiar gyrations. Hanging on to the cord swinging back and forth as if on a trapeze was THE DOLL MAN.

The Nazi tightening the iron shoe stopped very suddenly—and just gaped. His mouth fell open as if he had lost all control of his jaw muscles. Von Bock stood rooted to the spot staring at the little figure as if he were dreaming. His cold eyes lost their confident glint, and for a moment he seemed uncertain as to what to do. Then with a violent oath, Von Bock pulled his gun, and tried to steady his shaky hand. But the Doll Man used the swinging cord for momentum and flung himself at the Nazis. The gun went off with a loud report, but the diminutive figure was elsewhere. His tiny fists were pounding into the faces of the German agents.

Amidst the shrieks and howls of the Nazis, one of them managed to stagger toward a lamp, and reached for the chain. The room was instantly plunged into darkness. Dr. Roberts then dimly

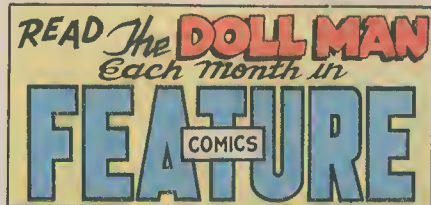
recalled a series of gun shots which stabbed the blackness. The sound of fists pounding on flesh could be heard clearly. At first the scientist thought the Doll Man had been killed. But suddenly, the anguished moans of the Nazis filled the room.

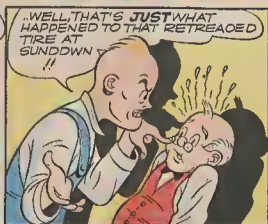
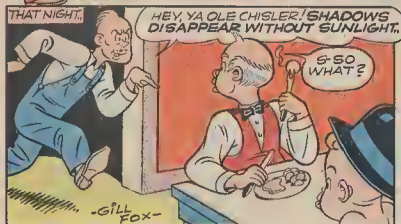
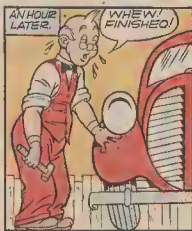
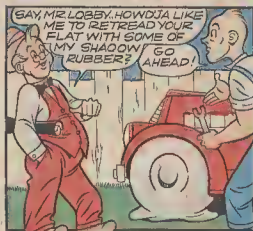
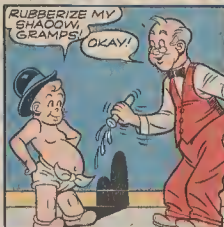
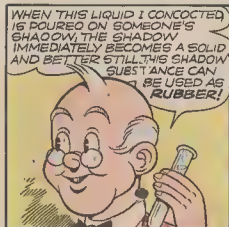
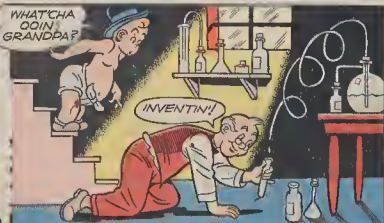
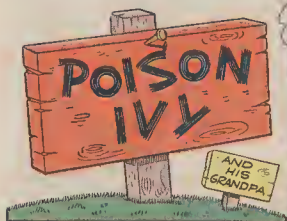
Then the iron boot on Dr. Roberts' foot was being loosened and the bonds holding him to the chair were being untied. Finally he felt the Doll Man sitting on his shoulder whispering that he was going to call the police.

When the scientist limped to the lamp and flooded the room with light, he saw his three attackers slumped over each other on the floor. Their faces looked as if it had been caught in a meat chopper. As he stooped to untie Martha, he heard a pounding on the door and the police broke in led by Darrel Dane.

In a few minutes, the Nazis were on their way to jail, and Martha was gratefully hugging Darrel, babbling about the Doll Man who had again intervened to save their lives.

"He must be quite a guy," said Darrel, trying to suppress a grin.



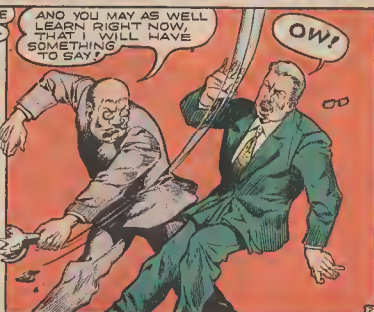
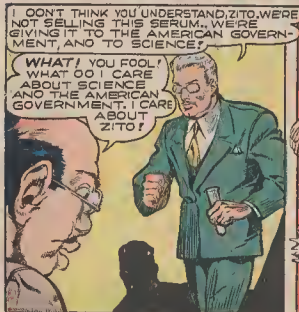
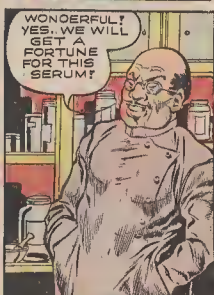
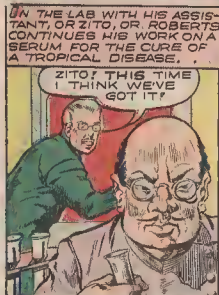
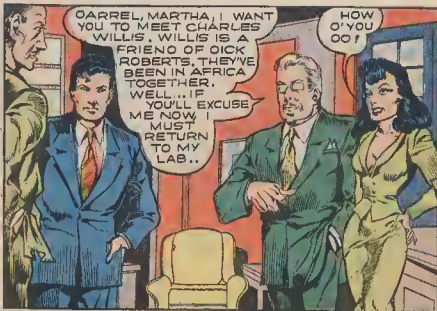
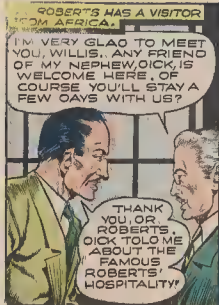


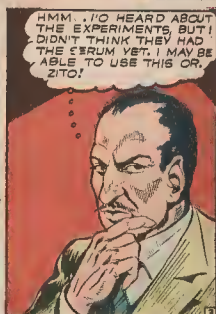
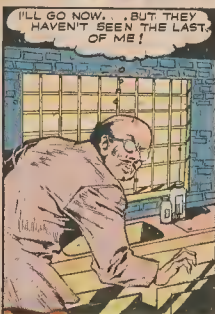
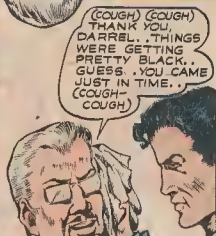


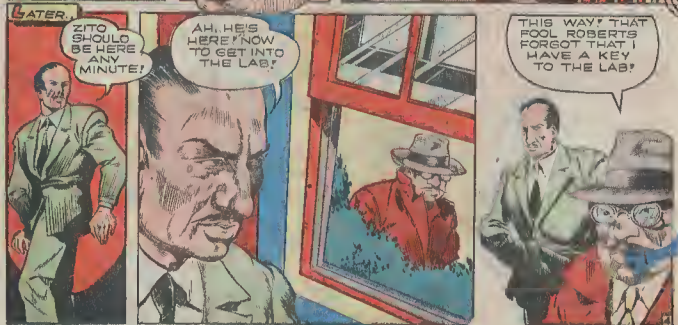
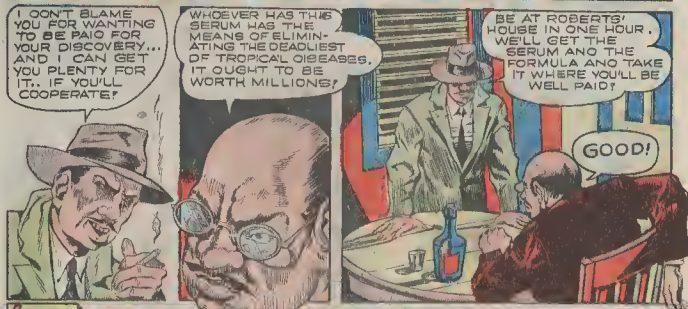
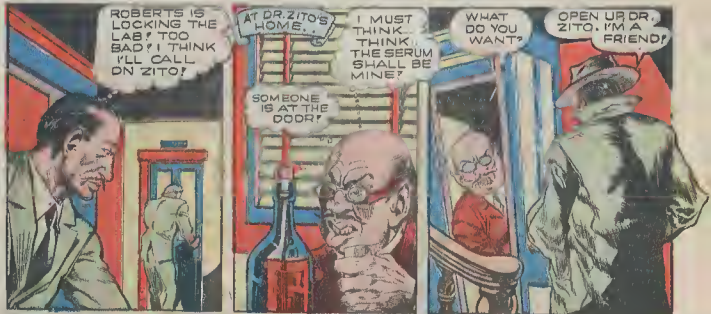
The DOLL MAN

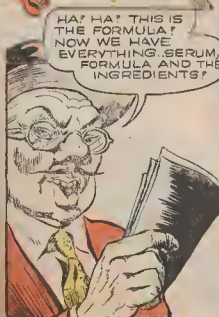
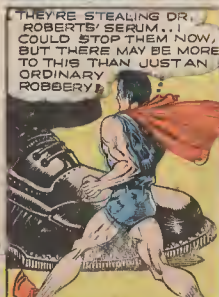
by
William Erwin
maxwell

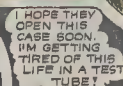
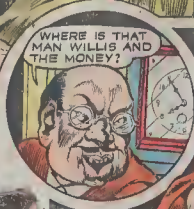
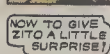
A SERUM WHICH WOULD MEAN NEW LIFE TO MILLIONS OF DISEASED BODIES BECOMES THE OBJECT OF A BITTER STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE *Doll Man* AND THE NAZIS, WHO WOULD PERVERT ITS USE FOR THEIR OWN FIENDISH ENDS.



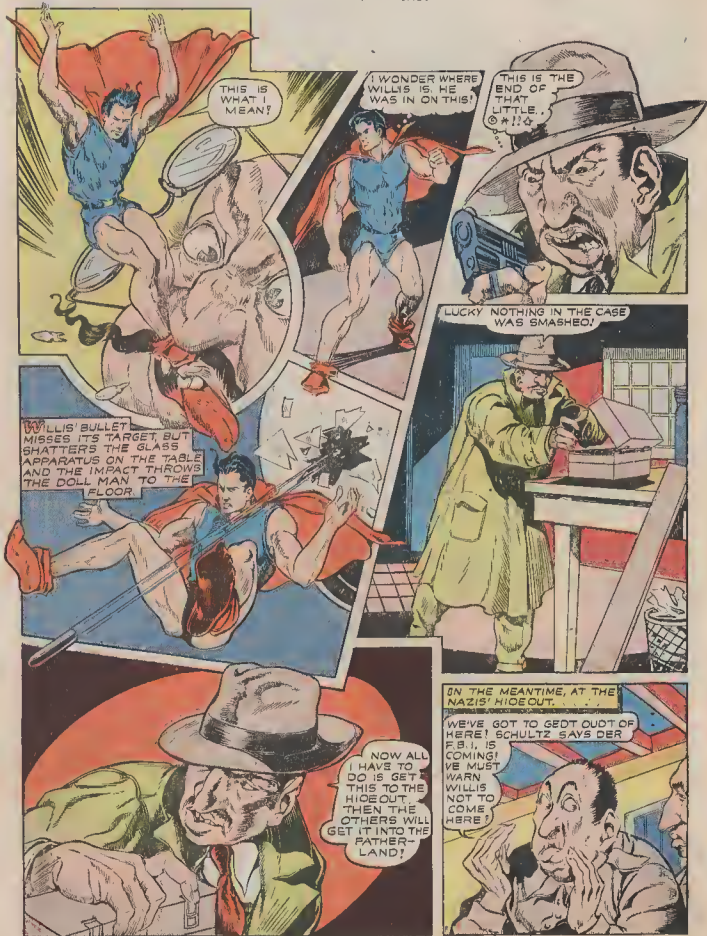


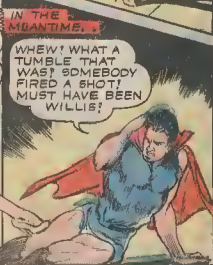










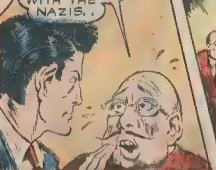


THE DOLL MAN RETURNS TO NORMAL SIZE.



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WILLIS, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET ME MONEY FOR THE SERUM. BUT I THINK HE HAS CONNECTIONS WITH THE NAZIS.

YOU'D BETTER PRAY THAT THE F.B.I. HAS A LINE ON THE NAZI GANG HE'S WORKING WITH... OR ELSE...



AT THE NAZI
HIDEOUT..

OUT OF
MY WAY!

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, IT
MIGHT BE
EASIER FOR
THE DOLL
MAN TO
GET IN
THERE!

I'LL GET INTO
THIS BIRD'S
TROUSER CUFF
AND LET HIM
CARRY ME
IN!

FOUR MEN HITT ME,
UNO VEN I GOOT
OPP DEY VASS
GONE!

WELL,
THEY
DIDN'T GET
IN HERE,
BUT WE'RE
ALMOST
READY TO
LEAVE ANY-
WAY. THE
F.B.I. OUGHT
TO GET
HERE
SOON.

WELL, NOW YOU
KNOW, MISS ROBERTS.
THIS CONTAINS YOUR
FATHER'S SERUM WHICH
WILL SOON BELONG
TO GERMANY.

AND TO THINK
DAD
TRUSTED
YOU!

THAT'S
WHAT HE
THINKS!

GREETINGS, RATZIS!
HAVE ONE ON
ME!

SUDDENLY, THE F.B.I. AND
POLICE BARGE IN.

ALL
RIGHT.
UP WITH
'EM!

LATER.

OH, DARREL, THAT
WONDERFUL
DOLL MAN AGAIN!
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR HIM, I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN KILLED..
AND HE SAVED
DAD'S SERUM?

THAT
LITTLE
FELLOW
SURE GETS
AROUND,
DOESN'T
HE?

I'LL
HAVE
YOU
FREE
IN A
MINUTE!

I'LL
SCRAM
BEFORE
I HAVE
TO START
EXPLAINING

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UNCLE SAM
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MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

I just finished knitting this scarf to send.

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

I made this airplane for some British boy!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

Count me in!

I promise!

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!



Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!

A double joint-knife! Gosh!

EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.



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